

## Sappy by crazyeri

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** BoyxBoy, Eddie Kaspbrak - Freeform, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Fluff, IT - Freeform, Losers' Club - Freeform, M/M, Mention Of Homophobia, Reddie, Richie Tozier - Freeform, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, highschool!au, losers - Freeform

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-10-09

**Updated:** 2019-11-28

**Packaged:** 2019-12-19 02:57:39

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 4

**Words:** 14,820

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Maybe it's impossible but Eddie hopes that the person with the nastiest mouth could also write the sappiest letter

## 1. Chapter 1

"He could have kissed her when he got the chance, why wait his ass until someone else gets her? That's fucking stupid! " Richie complained about the movie they just finished watching.

He's leaning on the door frame of Bill's house, waiting for Eddie and Stan who were picking up their bags.

"Why? We all know you can't even do it yourself." Stan grins, giving him provoking eyes.

"Are you challenging me, noodle boy? I can do everything, I'm the mighty Tozier!"

"Really? Can your trashmouth ass write love letters like that?"

"Geez! Watta rotten way to express your feelings." He gagged. "That's too cringey, Stanley! Who loves reading sappy letters? They are so boring and cheesy—"

"Stop Richie. It's actually cute." Eddie cut him off, causing his eyes to widen.

"C-Cute?"

"It's sappy for others but I guess getting one like that is thrilling."

"Thrilling, huh?" Richie's lips formed a grin. "Would Mrs. K date me if —"

"Fuck you!"

"Fuck you!"

Eddie wanted nothing but to slap the stupid smirk off Richie's face. He obviously finds it amusing whenever he's mad and that's downright annoying.

Stan rolled his eyes, getting sick of the constant bickering. "Movie's up guys! Maybe you want to move from that door frame, Richie?"

C'mon let's get going!" He pushed the two out of the door while Bill's quietly trailing behind them, seeing them outside.

"Thanks, again Bill!" He said with a smile.

"Are you s-sure you don't wanna st-s-stay for d-dinner?"

Richie laughed even when nothing's funny. "Sorry Big Bill, we really have to go. Mom will be sad if her favorite son won't be home before dinner!"

"But y-you're the only s—son." Bill argued.

"That makes me the favorite!"

The three waved their hands again and Bill did the same before going inside the house causing him not to witness how Richie tumbled on their front lawn, knocking off his mother's flower pot.

"Shit! Richie! Get up!" Eddie yelled, looking out for the door if ever someone from the Denbrough's household take a peek outside.

"Quick!" Stan panicked and helped his clumsy friend. "You have to fix it before someone finds out."

"Okay, okay!" Richie raised his hands in the form of surrendering. "Lemme just—" He scooped the soil with his bare hands – much to Eddie's disgust – and placed the poor flower in the middle, it was plucked from the roots. It looks somewhat ugly, but at least he attempted to fix it. It's the thought that counts anyway.

"Shit, I'll just tell Bill tomorrow, let's go."

Richie was about to ride his bike when—

"Hey! Wash your hands!" Eddie demanded, ready to start a war with his friend if he won't oblige.

"Don't be a bummer. I can just do this!" Richie started dusting off his hands, blowing them and grinning at him sheepishly.

Eddie cringed. It was a crime of hygiene and he will never tolerate it.

"I swear Rich—"

"Okay, okay!" The idiot raised his hands when Spaghetti man's eyes started flaring up. "You're the boss, I should have known." Then he ran back to Bill's house, telling the guy he needed to use the sink or their small bean baby friend will nag for days about how filthy and stupid he is.

Bill just laugh while he was explaining, no idea that Richie knocked off his mom's flower pot.

Eddie shook his head when Richie returned and there are still droplets of water on his arms, a sign that he didn't even bother wiping them. He threw at towel on him.

"Thanks Spaghetti Man."

"Shut up!"

Stan rolled his eyes, he just wanted to ride his bike and go ahead of them. By the looks of it, the two idiots are up for a petty quarrel and he just wanted to go home.

Once Richie was done wiping his hands, he went up to Eddie and started poking and pinching the latter's cheeks.

"You have the cutest cheeks, Eds. It feels like my hands are bouncing on two trampolines!~"

"C-Can you just fuck off?" The smaller boy slapped his hands away. "Geez! Richie! Your hands are disgusting! How long did you even wash them?"

Richie looked up, trying to remember. "For like 5 secon—"

"Five seconds?!" Eddie asked in horror. "Just 5 seconds and you dare to touch my cheeks like that?! You should wash your hands while singing ABC! That's the basic!"

"That's like the most stupid thing I've ever heard."

"Ugh!" Eddie grunted and exhaled sharply, rubbing his cheeks.

Richie's really testing his patience. "That's not stupid! It's called hygiene!"

"No, Eds, it's called wasting your time!"

"Will you ever shut up?"

"Only if you kissed me."

Eddie's cheeks were flushed in an instant. He looked away so this idiot wouldn't notice. "F-Fuck you Richie."

"Oh no no no~ you're playing a dangerous game, Spaghetti." Richie chanted, swinging his index finger on his face. "Don't sexualize the minor, that's the first rule!"

That's it! He finally snapped and hit the dumbass' face. "Who's sexualizing you, you fuck nut?! I would never!"

Stan who quietly listens to Richie and Eddie's bicker all day rolled his eyes again. "I have tolerated all the bad lucks that come together with this day and I don't have any more patience to spare. So, stop your drama or find your mouths absent of tongue." He deadpanned.

The two who were busy shouting at each other halted upon hearing their friend's words. They both look at Stanley, Eddie with a pout while Richie, with a grin.

"Stop grinning... motherfucker." Stan muttered and walked ahead of the two, dragging his bike with him.

"Wait! He just cussed, right?!"

"Yeah, he did! He just did!"

Richie and Eddie aren't bickering anymore. They are both with widened eyes, shocked with Stan swearing.

On the ride going home, their first stop was at Stan's house then Richie's house would have been the next destination but for some

reason, he always go last. Eddie couldn't remember when was the first time Richie said he'd send him home, it's been a long time until it became common for the both of them. The trashmouth pedals with him to his house, not thinking he'd just waste time and energy when he could have been home several minutes earlier.

Richie used to reason out that he just love strolling until Eddie stopped asking anymore.

"Uhhh..." Eddie rubbed his cheek when they reached his house. "Take care, Richie." He said with a small smile as if they weren't quarreling just a while back.

Richie chuckled. *Cute, cute, cute!* He ruffled his friend's hair like it was the fluffiest thing he had ever touch which is actually kind of true.

"See you tomorrow, Spaghetti hair. Kiss your mom for m—"

"YAH!" Eddie shoved Richie's hand away from his head. Here comes the joke about his mom again. "Go home, idiot!" He rolled his eyes and pouted, now looking a bit resentful and sulky.

"Aww~" Richie cooed and pinched his cheeks. "I may not be able to leave if you're looking like that, Eds."

"Why so?"

"You're too cute to resist. I can even write a thousand song with how cute you are~"

Eddie's cheeks reddened in an instant. He's often the one who makes Richie shut up, often the one who have a clapback whenever this trashmouth makes annoying side comments but he admits to himself, a flirting Richie Tozier is his weakness – definitely something he can't contradict.

"Okay, okay." Richie said after a moment. "I should really go. Love you, Mr. K!"

The boy patted his cheek lightly before riding the bike.

Eddie watched as Richie pedaled away, once he turned right and there's no vision of him left, Eddie went inside the house with a soft smile on his lips... only for it to fade when his mother blocked his view.

"Should you always smile like that whenever he drops you home?"

The question made his heart go wild.

*Am I being too obvious?! Shit!*

"I-I'm home mommy! What's for dinner?" He asked in an attempt to change the topic.

Sonia Kaspbrak just shook head at her son. He's avoiding her questions, a clear indication that he's hiding something. She doesn't exactly know if this is the time to stick her nose deeper or what.

She sighed, giving up the topic. "C'mon Eddie bear. Let's eat after you change clothes."

Sonia could see from the corner of her eyes when her son sighed in relief. Her ways could be harsh and stupid at times but she only want what's best for Eddie. When her husband died, it's like the world almost collapsed, if not for her son, she could have died of loneliness.

She'd do everything to protect Eddie even when it means going against his true nature. Homophobia is a popular thing in this place and she won't stay still when his son could become a target of bullying. That's why, she's keeping an eye on that Tozier boy. One wrong move and she'd be dragging her son away from Derry.

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Eddie's brows furrowed while looking at his locker. He always make sure that no paper would be caught in between the locker door so it won't get wrinkled or torn but right now, he can see a paper slightly peaking out. It was put there clumsily, obviously forced to push it inside the little space.

"I swear if this is a trash—" He muttered and opened the locker door. He get the paper and unfolded it.

*What. The. Fuck??*

Eddie blanks out. He could only gaze at it, unable to think straight.

*What is this? A prank?*

*What kind of a fucked up person will prank me using this?*

It wasn't the prettiest hand-writing but it wasn't that messy either. It looks like a slightly poor attempt of a cute hand-writing... like someone trying to change the way they write, it's somewhat obvious because how the person write the same letters are in different styles.

Eddie sighed, regaining his composure before re-reading it again.

**"Oh your freckled face,**

**It's been so long since I was dazed**

**With your dark hair and eyes**

**How can I be still as ice?**

**But sweetheart, do you know what's the best part?**

**Fuck yes! It's when you captured my heart..."**

He bit his lip. Maybe it's impossible but Eddie hopes that the person with the nastiest mouth could also write the sappiest letter

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## 2. Chapter 2

It's break time and all the losers are gathered in the cafeteria with Eddie tapping his foot against the floor, patiently waiting for the letter to get back on his hand. Yeah, that overly cheesy poem from his locker is the current subject of his friends' interest.

Right now, it's in the possession of Richie, sharing the letter with Bill and Stan. Beverly, Mike and Ben are all giving him funny looks, they already read the poem a while ago.

"Sounds bullshit to me." Richie tossed him the paper.

Eddie's hope for the sender to be Richie crumbled down with the trashmouth's side comment. Yeah, how could it be him? Richie Tozier doesn't like sappy letters as for him, they are boring.

"Shut up, Rich!" Mike shushed. "It's too touching to be bullshit."

"D-Do you have any idea w-who it was?"

"Maybe it's all a prank." Eddie answered Bill with a frown, wanting to look displeased about the letter but his blush is giving away his true feelings. He put it inside his pocket.

"Don't act mad when there you are blushing and keeping it." Beverly pointed out with a smug grin. Eddie's just really transparent.

All of them make weird noises of teasing but the boy just shushed them.

"Enough. Maybe this is from Henry Bowers." Eddie claimed. The said guy and his gang loves messing around with them and this could be just another one of their pranks.

"I don't think he has the intelligence to write something like that." Richie contradicts.

Stan laughed. "And who do you think has the brains for this, huh? That person almost defeated Ben's January Embers."

Beverly snickered. "Shut it, Stanley, nothing could ever beat that... at least for me." Ben blushed from what the girl said. "And Richie's right, people like Bowers won't waste their time by thinking of poems as a prank. He bullies people by violence not by using his brain."

They all seemed to agree with Beverly.

Eddie's lip protruded in a sulky pout. The girl got a point.

Not long after talking about the poem, the losers' topic goes on to their classes and Mike has an interesting story to tell.

"So, in Social class, I'm seatmate with this girl named Eleven."

Richie rolled his eyes when he heard the name, Mike has told him about this thing a while ago.

"And know what? She's bugging me about Richie's home number. She likes him!"

Everyone gasped and Richie was offended in an instant.

"Hell! Why are you all shocked? We all know I'm cute."

"Who even is Eleven?" Eddie butt in, and everyone's eyes turned to him.

"Why do you wanna know?"

The way Ben asked the question sounds playful and never in his life did Eddie ever think about sending Ben a flying kick... not until now.

"Because I'm just curious? Don't ask me, all of us wanna know." Then he eyed Stan who shook his head and Bill who does the same, Beverly just chuckle.

*Traitors!* He's sure they all want to know who that Eleven is, they're just denying to make him look like he's the only eager one who wants to stick his nose into Richie's business.

"Bunch of hypocrites." He muttered and decided to just focus with his food.

"If you're curious, that's Eleven." Mike nudged him on the side and nodded his head to someone from a few tables away. "The one with the headband."

Eddie glanced at the girl and—oh boy! His mood has changed. He knows he's cute and all but could you blame him if he gets insecure? Eleven is pretty... and she's a girl. He doesn't even know if Richie could like boys when he's always the one who blab shits about making out with girls.

"Bullshit, Richie." He joked, trying to look unaffected. "How can you get a pretty girl?"

"My goal isn't about getting the pretty girls though."

Eddie stiffened, he eyed Richie who's now smiling suggestively at him. "W-What do you mean?"

"My goal is getting your mom!"

*I should have known!* Eddie hissed before slapping Richie with his spoon.

It's their last class for today which is Science and Eddie's searching for Richie. They share the same class and they always walk to together to the appointed room but the boy's nowhere to be found. He rolled his eyes when he finally spotted Richie at one corner, near the locker area but shit, he isn't alone.

"Hi, Richie!" He heard Eleven greeted. "If you remember, we have a project in Social Studies and I kind of forget the instruction. Can you give me your home number and I'd ask you later about it?"

Eddie grimaced. What an alibi! Of all people, she'll ask him about a school project? That blabbermouth Richie is a smartass (a straight A student) but he isn't really a reliable source of information. He glanced at his wristwatch and saw that there's only a couple of minutes left before the start of their next class. He'd be late if he'd wait for their conversation to end.

"Well... I can just explain it to you right now."

"But we'll be late for our next class."

"Uhm you see I don't give our number to just anyone..."

He almost grinned at what he heard from Richie's mouth, contented.

"Just anyone?!" Eleven repeated as if it was the most offending thing she heard. "Fine! Enough of the reasons, I just wanna know your number. I like you, Richie and I think you're cute. You're much cuter without eyeglasses though."

Eddie's eyes almost bulged out from their socket at what he heard.  
*FUCK IT*

She was too straightforward for his liking! And so, without thinking twice, he approached Richie and Eleven. He gotta save his best friend, alright?

"Actually miss, you aren't sure with that." He entered the conversation with his friendly smile that shouts the word FAKE. "If he's without glasses, he'll come tumbling down every seconds which is not cute. He'd look like a bloody shit with a broken nose. It's disgusting. Richie without glasses is just plain disgusting."

The girl's brows furrowed with his entrance, doesn't know shit why he's here meddling and talking as fast like he owns a motormouth.

"What did you say?"

Richie stifled a laugh. Eddie talks way too fast for inexperience ears.

"Nothing."

"All that and it's just nothing? C'mon, dude! I'm talking to your friend. Can't you spare us a minute?"

Eddie smiled apologetically and hold onto Richie's arm. "I'm really sorry but we'll be late for our class if we won't take our leave now. So, bye, bye!" He waved a hand and yanked his friend's arm, dragging him out of there.

"Woah, Eds! I didn't know you were the jealous type!"

"Beep beep motherfucker."

Richie grinned. "Motherfucker? So you mean—"

Eddie stopped walking and turned to Richie. "No jokes about mom! I did that to save your ass, okay?"

Who is he kidding? He did that to save his jealous ass.

"She's pretty. Who says I wanna be saved?"

Eddie's ears heat up at what he heard. "Then fucking go back! I'm heading first, idiot!" He was about to take his leave when the other grasped his arm.

"I'm just kidding! Come here you!"

Then Richie started his hobby of doting onto Eddie like he was a freaking baby, a fond smile plastered on his lips. Upon staring at his friend's face, a cloud of confusion started building up inside Eddie's head.

**Oh your freckled face, It's been so long since I was dazed.**

He frowned. It was the first line of that sappy poem.

**With your dark hair and eyes**

**How can I be still as ice?**

His attention turned to Richie's hand that is softly caressing his hair. Eddie's heart almost burst out! It was drumming like crazy inside his chest while thousands of butterflies are flying inside his stomach.

**But sweetheart, do you know what's the best part?**

**Fuck yes! It's when you captured my heart...**

He was reminded of the last part. It said, he captured that person's heart. Did he really think he have a chance of stealing this trashmouth's heart? Maybe in his imagination but in reality? Richie's

been the hardest to read among all the losers, they are friends since forever but when it comes to love and stuffs like that, the guy's just a fucking blank. Stan told him once that he thinks Richie likes someone but when he asked about it, the noodle boy didn't even give him a clue.

"Hey! Your thoughts seem to fly off!"

Eddie jolted at Richie's voice. He only realized he's staring at nowhere when his friend waved a hand on his face. He also stopped ruffling his hair.

"I-I was just... fuck we'd be late! Come on, dipshit!"

"Okay, okay! Just don't scream like that, you're hurting my ears!"  
Richie laughed as he let Eddie drag him onto their next class.

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It's true, Eddie did say that getting a love letter is thrilling and cute but he only said those things because all along, he kept imagining that if ever someone would send him one, it would be from Richie. It's just part of his Reddie imagination.

But now that he's actually receiving sappy poems and there's a big chance that they aren't from Richie, Eddie just wanted this thing to stop.

Recently, he finds it hard to trust other people that is not among the losers, he's having trust issues caused by his own mother because of the fake medication she always force to him. He's afraid that other people will just hurt him, prank him or bully him. So, when he opened his locker the next day and there's another wrinkled paper inside, Eddie doesn't know whether this is a good thing or a bad thing. He still fear that this means nothing but a joke... and if ever this isn't a joke and the person who sends these makes an introduction, how would he face someone who likes him without being awkward? This thing is slowly getting burdensome.

With a sigh, he opened the letter and his heart just leapt.

**"The way you smile, the way you laugh**

**My heart burns with fondness, oh crap!**

**Do you know what's my favorite noise?**

**It's the sound of your annoying voice..."**

**P.S**

**I'm a 'he'**

Eddie felt like he was poured with ice water. It's a fucking boy!

Forget about his thoughts earlier about this sappy thing getting slowly burdensome and how he just wanted this thing to stop because heck—this poem is confirmed to be from a boy... and you can never blame Eddie if a hope has blossomed into his heart again.

**BUT WAIT... did he just criticized his voice?!**

### 3. Chapter 3

"Hey, guys! Is my voice really annoying?" Eddie ran his gaze through his friends who are scattered on the ground of their school garden, he looks at them, expecting an answer.

Beverly snorted. "I heard that question for like—a hundred times today, Eds. What's with you?"

Bev's right, he's been bugging all of them since the morning. Eddie sighed and fished for a piece of paper inside his backpack and offered it to her.

"Is that another—?" Stan's eyes were inquisitive and when he nodded, the boy quickly left the spot where he was seating and sat on Beverly's side, interested. The other losers followed him and soon, they are all gathered in one circle, face shoved into each other while eyes fixated on the paper.

Mike was the first one to break from the circle. "It's a boy!"

Bill smiled so wide, looking like a weasel as he did so. "It's gonna be f-fun..."

Eddie lowered his gaze at the comic book he borrowed from Richie earlier, pretending to be enamored with what he's reading to avoid his friends' gaze.

"This is why you kept bugging us about your voice." Ben eyed him with sympathy. "Don't worry, Eds. Your voice is not really that bad."

"Really?!" Eddie seemed to forget his cover up as he tossed the comic book and looks at Ben with big happy eyes. "I don't really sound bad or anything?"

The boy shrugged. "You have a high-pitched voice but it's—"

"But?" It made him on edge! There's still a 'but' and he feels like whatever 'but' is, it will be some lie to make him feel good. This is what insecurity feels like... you can't blame him though, boys his age – sweet fucking sixteen – started to develop a deeper voice. His voice



started to differ too, getting more cool but it wasn't much. It's still high-pitched and cute but he didn't think too much of it, not until someone rubbed it on his face that his voice is an annoying kind of noise.

"I swear it's cute!" Ben raised his arms as if surrendering.

Eddie was about to interrogate him more but Stan beat him on speaking.

"To summarize all of this, you have a secret admirer who happens to be a guy who seems to be the perfect combination of wise and dumb. Base on his choice of words, he's probably the annoying type too. An arrogant with an honest mouth, it would be easy to find someone like that." Stanley chuckled, as if he was sure of what he's saying.

"Honest mouth?" Eddie repeated. "Is my voice really annoying?"

"Not as annoying as Richie's."

The said guy is at the corner, unusually quiet and just listening to their discussion and his eyes widened when his name was dragged. "Screw you, dude!" Richie spat. "My voice isn't annoying."

"Yeah it isn't but whenever I hear your voice, I know that headache comes after so..." Stanley reasoned out, he knows he got a point.

"At least I don't sound like a rat." Then Richie laughed so hard but a slap on his arm from Eddie made him shut up.

"What are you implying?" The smaller argued, his shrill voice showing itself.

"Depends on how you take i—aww! Eddie stop! You're being violent!"

"Take that back!"

"No!"

Eddie doesn't want to lose so, he resorted on tickling Richie forcefully, causing the latter to laugh while wincing in pain. The losers just watch as they squabble, finding it adorable. Stan is in a

good mood today – he just figured out the puzzle of the poems – so he don't really mind even if Richie and Eddie bicker and strangle each other to their satisfaction.

"Fine then!" Richie finally gave up. "You sounded whiny but tolerable! Is that good enough?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, lips forming into a sulky pout.

"Don't sweat it, Eds! The boy said it's his favorite, he's not criticizing your voice."

"He said it's annoying! How is it not a criticism?"

"It was witticism, alright? And he did said it's his favorite."

"Dude, that's stupid! How can you be annoyed at your favorite thing?" Eddie retorted, he eyed his friend expectantly, wanting a real answer.

"P-Put it this way, Eds." Richie fixed his glasses, a sign that he's uncomfortable. "I never fancy short shorts and fanny packs, that's just goofy but you rock those style so I like it when you wear them..." The way he speak gradually slow down, a thing people do when they hesitate.

Eddie's face was unreadable. If Richie will explain things this way, he wouldn't be able to stop himself from hoping... hoping will give a person bunch of assumptions... and assumptions without assurance is how people get their hearts broken. There's nothing safe in that but it's where his mind often storms off – to the danger zone – where he could imagine that Richie Tozier is behind the sappy poems, where he could hope that the boy likes him back...

It's dangerous because if it turns out to be just wishful thinking, his heart will take the toll.

Eddie yawned, alone in his own world. Just a few pages more and he'll finish this comic book he borrowed from Richie. Mike and Bill are laughing at the other side, talking about something funny while

Ben is helping Bev with her art project, cutting papers and making a collage. Richie and Stanley are missing in action for they both have a Calculus class together.

"That's why there's a rotting smell. Trash is near... and they are here~"

Eddie closed his eyes in irritation when someone snatched the book from his hand. He looked up and wasn't even surprised to see Henry Bowers' girlfriend, Gretta Keene. She's with the Bowers' gang except for the guy himself. All the losers rose up from their seats, getting alarmed with the arrival of the bullies.

"Give it back to Eddie." Mike demanded, gesturing the comic book.

"Oh... the stray dog learning how to bite. I'm scared ." Patrick Hockstetter laughed mockingly.

"Shouldn't you keep your hands off things that aren't yours?" Eddie scowled but Gretta just grinned like a feral cat.

"What's your deal, Gr-G-Gretta?" Bill butt in. "Got sick of Bowers? You're now asking f-for someone else's attention?"

The girl glared at Bill. "Shut up, B-B-B-Bill. Who says I'm after this—" She eyed Eddie. "subservient momma's boy who doesn't even know his pills are bullshit? If you're gonna accuse me of jumping from one guy to another, why don't you ask your friend Beverly how many guys—"

"Don't even try, Gretta." Ben cut her off, chin raised a little as if he's ready to fight whoever badmouths Beverly.

"Aww fatty protecting his girl. How cute is that?" Gretta tossed the comic book away and Eddie managed to catch it. She walked up in front of Ben, crossing her arms. "But no matter what you do, it's a shame. Even girls like Beverly? They tend to choose hot over fa—"

"Shut up!" Beverly shouted at the girl. She wouldn't let this b\*tch ruin their afternoon.

"Make me!" Gretta challenged, smug grin never leaving his mouth for

even just a second.

*Make me.* Beverly smirked. Oh how she wanted to do it. To make her shut up and to wipe off that ugly grin on her face.

"Happy to oblige, ma'am!"

Without a second thought, she grabbed the glue she was using for her art project and squeezed it directly on Gretta's face. After that, was a mess. The losers and the bullies started throwing things at each other. The few students around them began growing in numbers, all with one reason: to watch the fight.

When there's nothing left to be thrown, both sides have taken the course to physical strength, sending kicks and punches everywhere. Eddie, as small as terrible he is, kicked Belch Huggins' balls and Bill saw this as an opportunity to hold the latter down. "Yeah, eat this shit!" Eddie shouted and stuffed the boy's mouth with papers. He was big but quite weak.

Patrick though was quite a fighter, he managed to break loose from Mike's hold and kicked Ben aside. After that, he set to help his friend Belch by landing a punch on Eddie's face who was stunned by the hit, nose getting bloody. Bill was fast to attack Patrick with a heavy book, smacking it to his face so hard, he fell to the ground with busted lips.

The boys were easily exhausted by the fight, leaving the two girls – Beverly & Gretta – the last people standing. This is why girls and their cat fights shouldn't be underestimated.

Gretta is soaking with glue but she's still feral and dangerous but Beverly's the coolest girl in the losers' eyes for a reason. She's fierce and nothing could extinguish her fire... not even Gretta Keene's sloppy way of fighting.

The two girls stumbled and Bev ended up toppling over Gretta, their hands pulling each other's hair, giving occasional slaps and scratches.

"Shit! Patrick!" Belch kicked his friend's elbow. "We should get her fast, Henry would be mad!" The said guy nodded and rose up, glaring at Bill who was at the side, still holding the book.

When the bullies stood up, the losers rushed to Beverly's side too. They pulled her away from Gretta even before Patrick and Belch could do it.

Now, they are standing face to face, five losers and three bullies.

"What?!" Mike growled. "Want more?"

Hockstetter, wiped off the blood on his lips. "Considering that you were the first one to be pushed on the ground, you are being too confident."

Mike smirked. "Really? Then take this!" He lunged on the guy, hitting his jaw.

Ben growled so hard and followed his friend's pursuit, and with that, the losers and the bullies started attacking each other again.

Forget about being exhausted, winning this fight is the most important thing right now.

Stan and Richie glanced at each other. They don't understand why almost all of the students they come across look at them with interest, as if they did something fascinating which is pretty impossible considering that they just went out of the boring Calculus class...

They were spare on having to think further when Eleven approached them with a news. She was the girl on the locker area who Eds was jealous of—or maybe the girl, Richie **wished** Eds was jealous of.

"Your friends are in the principal's office." She informed. "Fought with the Bowers' gang."

*Bowers' gang?! Oh fuck!* Richie closed his fists. Those gnarly bastards got to be the worst eyesore Derry has ever produced... of course, aside from that shit dispenser sewer clown who probably eats shits in the drain whenever there's no kid to pester.

"Is it that bad?" Stan asked, dead serious.

Eleven shrugged. "If it's anything serious, they should have went straight to the hospital but luckily, your friends managed to stand their grounds... one of them has a bloody nose though."

Richie frowned. "Who?"

"The whiny one."

"Eddie." It made him scowl. By this time, he's already beating up Bowers' gang in his mind. If only he could pluck their limbs out of their bodies. "Let's go, Stanley! Thanks, El!" He said in a hurried tone and drag his friend to the principal's office.

"I swear, noodle boy, that filthy gang needs to be taught a lesson. They got to be fucking stupid to think I'm gonna let them walk in this school without a smudge from me."

Stanley hummed. "Considering that you were the first one who got hit on the rock fight years ago, I doubt if you could even smudge them."

Richie snorted. "I'm wearing glasses for a reason, I prefer hand to hand combat rather than throwing objects."

"Yeah sure, hand to hand combat your ass, Rich... you only fight your best whenever you play Street Fighter on the arcade. If you wanna get revenge on them, you must rely on your Stealth ability and attack their blind spot."

Richie shook his head. Stanley's such a bummer but he got a point.

He started thinking of the best payback to get even with the Bowers' gang, until his gaze fell onto the door of the art room, there are always lots of paints there – all kinds of paint... and Gretta Keene is the art club's secretary. He could feel his imaginary horns growing back to their place. Now, he only needs one thing to work out his evil plan... an evidence to be left behind.

"Richie, the plan?" Mike asked, nervous. He glanced at the boy who's currently taking out paints from his bag. They don't even know how

the hell did he get those things inside the art room. He must be a reincarnated ninja.

The seven of them are hiding behind the bushes, outside of the school premises. It's already past 6:30 and the school closed several minutes ago, this is the best time to execute whatever revenge they'd agree on doing.

The principal, Mr. Preston reprimanded Eddie, Ben, Mike, Bev and Bill for fighting with the Bowers' gang. He made them clean the whole faculty room and write a long ass reflection paper about the fighting incident. He also ordered them to squat until their knees gave in to exhaustion. The old geezer even made them do it on the hallway, exposed for all the other students to see.

Bowers' gang didn't receive the same punishment though, they just got a lecture. Mr. Preston reasoned out that the losers started the fist fight. The principal has always been an unfair douche, turning a blind eye on the bullying that's going on with this school for years. For all they know, he gets dirty money from rich parents whose children are among the list of students that should've been expelled a long time ago... just like those warthogs Bowers' gang.

"Do we really have to do this?" Ben asked. "Mr. Preston punished us today and we'll be the first one he'll suspect."

"We'll make this clean." Richie nudged Ben's side and pointed at Mike. "C'mon! We have our guardian dad here. What could go wrong?"

Ben shook his head with a gentle laugh. "Our dad is the same age as us, he can't be our guardian if ever Mr. Preston order us to get our parents, that's what could go wrong."

"Our parents won't get called. Don't worry, we wouldn't get to that point. "

The losers eyed him with suspecting eyes.

"What do you really p-p-plan, Rich?"

Richie smiled at Bill. "Stanley said I best rely on my stealth ability...

attacking the blind spot. So, I got this!" He then again started fishing out something from his backpack and when he raised it, they all saw Belch Huggins' favorite cap.

"What the fuck are we gonna do with that?!" Eddie whined, frowning as if the cap is the most disgusting thing on Earth. "And how did you even get that?"

"I might have stolen it while he's busy. C'mon, guys! This will play a vital role. We'll hit two birds in one stone."

Richie started explaining. They'll break the principal's office's window and make a mess inside, then they'll leave Belch's cap, smudged with paint so it would seem like the guy had forgotten to take it after vandalizing. Then at least, someone from the art club should notice that there are missing paints on their inventory and the one to be questioned with this is Greta Keene, the secretary who's taking notes of everything about the club. It would appear like she stole the paints and helped Belch to vandalize, they are friends anyway.

After the explanation, Ben and Mike became more weary, colors fading from their faces; Beverly looks excited; Bill is thinking hard; and Eddie's eyeing Richie as if he grew another head.

"This is really stupid." Stan commented but his smirk proves that he's not against the plan. He's always been the careful one – more careful than Eddie because that boy just nags all the time yet does the work anyway. But him? Most of the time, he's scared shitless but since defeating a clown – although he was the most traumatized by it – he started becoming much stronger and fun as a person.

If he was still that kid who fears everything, he'll beg them to just walk away but those days were over. He still have fears but he's braver than he used to be.

"Are you in or not?" Bill's question interrupted his thoughts.

Since the day he got bitten by It disguised as Judith, the same day they defeated the clown, Bill became more considerate with him, probably out of guilt. That's the reason why they became much closer... dangerously though, his heart gets giddy whenever



Denbrough cares.

"My self therapy is doing something scary... so, I'm in." He smiled and grabs a paint from Richie's hand. He looks at all the losers. "Listen, what we're about to do is bad and stupid but if this is the payment for all the years of bullying we got from the Bowers' gang , then this is just the interest of their debt. So, let's go!"

It might be the worst pep talk one could ever hear – convincing others of doing bad things but the losers didn't think of it that way. Instead, they are proud that they are hearing these kind of things from Stanley Uris. Stan who's always rational and well-behaved.

"YEAH!" The losers exclaimed. With a smile on their lips, they each took a paint and prepared themselves for their mission.

When they're done, the losers took their time admiring their artwork... it was really ugly, to be honest. But after a few moments of smiling, Stan's the first one who sagged his shoulders.

"I'm kind of regretting what we did now." The boy said. He's not just worried that they will get exposed with this... he's actually offended with the outcome. He's trying his best to be okay with distorted figures but it doesn't mean he's completely over it. And their artwork is just all kinds of disorganized, it makes him dizzy psychologically...

Everyone's shoulders slumped down following his speech. Well, that's true, when the adrenaline went down, a sudden rush of fear had risen from their minds.

"Me too." Richie admitted, not with his usual playful tone. "I'm sorry, I dragged you all into this."

Six pair of eyes turned to him, surprised with his rare politeness. They don't blame Richie though... they all enjoyed doing it anyway.

"We share equal faults with what happened. Don't ever think we'd leave you alone. Stop thinking you're a hero!" Eddie spat.

"That's right!" Beverly agreed and glanced at her wristwatch. "And it's

already close to 7 guys, we need to go home now." She reminded.

Eddie's feet gets heavier as they're nearing his house. He doesn't know what lie will he tell his mom if she noticed the cut on his lips, she might freak out and bend hell. It will be doomsday.

"Are you alright, dude?" Richie asked when he noticed Eddie's not whining like he usually does. They are walking together, bikes getting drag on the side, they don't want to hurry going home.

"Just thinking what to tell mommy."

Eddie glared at Richie when he saw the grin on the latter's face upon hearing the word 'mommy'. The idiot will start his stupid mom jokes again so he decided to cut it immediately with a new topic.

"How did you come up with the plan anyway?" He asked.

"Dunno. Maybe, I'm just really smart." Richie chuckled. "Dicks should be taught a lesson... even that stupid bald Mr. Preston. Someone must be sucking his dick to be that considerate towards the Bowers' gang."

Eddie cringed. "And who do you think will do that?"

"I don't know. Wild guest, maybe Mr. Keene or Henry's weird pops, they just give me the vibe."

*Vibe?* "W-What vibe?" He asked, more interested than before.

"Gay vibes, Eds."

Eddie was taken aback at the mention of the word. **Gay**. "I-Is it a bad thing though? I-I mean, to be gay?"

He never thought of Richie as homophobic—or maybe, he just hope he isn't. Somehow he felt uneasy with the topic, scared of what he might hear from the other... so, with fingers crossed, he wished to hear a reply that won't break his heart.

"Maybe if I kiss you right now, you wouldn't ask me again?"

No, Richie Tozier didn't break his heart... but his answer made his heart go on full swing, it started beating faster, and a sudden heat spreads throughout his face.

Fucking trashmouth and his ways of flirting. Eddie wanted to hit him on the head, pinch his arm or twist his ear—anything to make him look annoyed at the answer but he couldn't do any of that. He was just standing there, glaring at Richie, forcing to look unamused.

Richie laughed at his face. "I remember when we were 9, you really thought wounds would heal faster when they're kissed... want me to test it for you?"

Eddie's face got a lot redder. "Fuck you. This is why I hate you! You always remember the stupid things more than the good ones!" He stomped his feet, walking ahead of the other. "You keep bringing up things that doesn't have anything to do with the situation, idiot!"

"Hey! Eds! I'm just joking!" The idiot yelled, still laughing while trying to keep up with him. "I'll take you home."

"No asshole, I can go home by myself!"

"But I want to take you home!"

His heart twirled at what he heard but he told himself that it's just one of Richie's stupid jokes again that he shouldn't take seriously.

"Bye Spaghetti man! See me in your dreams~"

Yeah, Richie walked him home anyway.

"Bye little shit, see me in yours." Eddie chuckled to himself for subtly returning the flirt. He waved a hand and marched to their house.

He was about to reach for the knob when the door swung open and revealed his mom, crossed-arms, looking impatient. She glanced at Richie and Eddie shook his head when he saw the idiot waved a hand and smiled at her so wide.

"Bye, have a good night Mrs. K~!"

Richie and his stupid confidence.

"That kid again?"

"Y-Yeah mommy, why?" He asked, walking pass her with lowered head to avoid her gaze.

"Oh forget about it." She closed the door and scowled at him. "Your principal called, you had a fight?"

Eddie's heart beats rapidly. "Wh-What did he tell you exactly?"

"Everything."

SHOOT! She knows everything, it means, he won't be able to hide the fact that he didn't fight alone... she'll only think his friends are bad influence.

Sonia Kaspbrak sneered. "I know from day one, your so-called friends will not bring you any good, Eddie. Much more that Tozier kid? Stubborn and clumsy, must be every parent's nightmare."

"Mom!" He raised a hand. "They are my friends, I won't leave them just to satisfy you. And Richie's stupid and all but he wasn't even in the fight! Don't judge him like that... he's my best friend and he didn't do anything wrong."

"Best friend, huh? I see..." His mom nodded. "It should be just best friends, Eddie bear. **Just** best friends."

"Wh-What are you saying?!" Eddie couldn't mask the nervousness in his voice. She sounded like she's accusing him of having a crush with Richie—which is totally true but of course he wouldn't tell her!

"You know how people view *that* kind of relationship... *that* kind of sexuality. My son being in *that* kind of thing is something embarrassing. Don't disappoint me."

Eddie felt the hammering inside his chest. Hearing it from his own mother is like being stabbed with the rustiest knife.

"That? You mean gay? Can't you say the word 'gay' mommy?" He asked, feeling the sudden rage of anger. "So, if I'm gay, I'd be an embarrassment, is that it? Why? Does it make me less of a man? Or you think that makes me less of a human? I don't know why I have to hear this from you considering that you always say that you only want to protect me! You tried to make me believe that everyone will just hurt me... but do you think hearing this from you won't hurt at all?! Forget about those gazebo medication, the asthma, the allergies —this got to be the most bullshit thing you ever told me!"

**\*SLAP**

Eddie's head turned to the side as his mom slapped him so hard. Fuck! This is the second time he got hit this day. He bit his lips, tears threatening to fall but no, he wouldn't let her see his tears. If she can't accept him for who he is then it's not worth crying in front of her.

"I'm full, I'm not gonna eat. Good night." He said with a straight face and rushed to the stairs.

"Eddie... Eddie, come back here!" Sonia cried, but her son ignored her call.

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Eddie woke up with the sound of his alarm clock, not by his mother's voice. He ate breakfast without her sitting in front of him, left the house without kissing her cheek. To make it short, they're still both sulky with their argument last night. He even left for school earlier than usual just to avoid her.

It's just morning and he's already off in a bad start. He's not really in the mood... however, a white folded paper inside his locker room might have the magic to make him smile.

Combined excitement and nervousness made his heart go wild as he took the paper and unfolded it.

**Your bloodied nose, even your wounded lips**

**They're still cute, still the things I wanna kiss**

**Damn little meanie, you made me this fluffy**

**You made me a cornball, gross and awful**

Eddie bites his lower lip, fighting back a smile. With the curse and the silly way of flirting, he almost convinced himself that this is from Richie. Besides, the idiot joked about kissing him last night, right?

But the anxious part of his brain keeps telling him to control his delusions, nothing's certain yet and he should treat this as a stranger's letter. And so, he reminded himself that he shouldn't be smiling at a stranger's letter who said he wanted a kiss. That should be creepy.

"Fucking creep." He murmured but with a light chuckle.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Gretta x Henry XD

## 4. Chapter 4

"You're unbelievably early these past few days, Richie." Stanley greeted when he arrives at school and saw Richie's already there.

"Good morning to you too, Mr. Uris." Richie gave the newly-arrived an impish grin. "Early bird catches the worm, don't ya think?"

Stanley's eyes narrowed at his answer, as if scrutinizing his thoughts and Richie never likes it when his friend does that. It's as if he's delving into his mind, going through his inner secrets.

"And who's this worm we're talking about?" Noodle boy crossed his arms. "Is this a guy named Eddie?"

Richie cringed at the mention of the name. If there's someone he trusts on suspecting him about the letter, it's Stanley, the latter loves reading people as a hobby.

"Always one step ahead, are we, Schmuck Uris?"

Schmuck means a jerk or a literal penis in Yiddish and Stanley was offended in an instant.

"It's because you're being too obvious... and your Yiddish sucks by the way."

"Anyway, Stan, how did you know it was me?" Richie asked, dragging the topic back to the letter. They are now walking the hallway to their assigned classroom.

"You're stupid if you think you're doing a good job at hiding yourself." Stanley rolled his eyes. "We're just talking about love letters before Eddie received one... and aside from being stupid, you have straight A's so you can probably be poetic if you'll just put your mind into it."

"I put my heart into it!"

"Yeah, even your arrogance. The other losers may suspected it's you too."

Richie felt nervous. "Do you think Eddie knows?"

Stanley gave him a cocky grin. "You were boasting about how the guy in the film shouldn't have waited for so long and now you're tensed. What an idiot."

"I'm just anxious!" Richie whisper-shouted. He's prepared and he'll confess once an opportunity shows up but it's natural to feel nervous. "Do you think Eds noticed it too?"

Stan waved a hand. "Don't worry, if it's not about health, Eddie would be really oblivious... unless if he likes you back, he could have imagined it's you all along." There was along pause on his speech and Richie waited for him to continue. "Just kind of confused though. I don't know how could you make a move on him." Stan scrunched his nose. "...we're friends."

By the looks of it, Stanley doesn't agree much on whatever he's doing.

"And that's so wrong?" Richie shrugs. "You like Bill, yourself, right?"

Stanley's eyes got bigger.

"You told me once, remember? 2 years ago?"

"But I didn't know you'd think I like him until now."

"Stanley, you just got better at hiding but don't underestimate my instinct. I can smell your little gay heart screaming whenever he smiles at you." Richie grinned when he saw his friend's eye roll on what he said. "So tell me, how are we not different with each other? We both like our friend."

"You're acting on your feelings while I'm not."

"Oh, don't be a wuss!" He exclaimed. "You gotta chase after what you want! Bill's kinda cool, I'm sure many people likes him. You have to fight if you wanna win."



Stanley let out a sigh. "And what if I don't like to win?"

"It's not like you don't want to win." Richie contradicts and poked Stanley chest. "It's just that you're a pussy."

He earned a glare with his choice of word but he only smirked in return. Stan's the kind of person who easily gets offended by vulgar words and snide remarks.

"Stop being a dimwit..." Stanley muttered after a while. "Some things aren't meant to happen. Just because I like him right now doesn't mean we should end up together. Things doesn't work like that."

"But won't you even try?"

"At the cost of what? Friendship is a dangerous line to cross."

Richie somehow understand, he used to feel that way too. Scared. But it got to the point where he can't contain his feelings anymore.

"I know how you feel." He nodded. "But we're getting older dude, Eddie's cute he'll have lots of admirers. I couldn't just let some dunce get him without me trying. He deserves the best and who could be better than me, right?" Richie slapped his own chest with a proud look on his face, as if saying he's the best in the whole wide world.

Stan rolled his eyes for the hundredth time. Richie will express his narcissism every chance he gets.

"So, my point is, it's better to put a fight before admitting defeat. I'm not a coward, I'm not a pussy. I am the mighty trashmouth!"

"And your mightiness is ready to risk your friendship?"

"I know Eds." He said with certainty. "He might break my heart but he'd not break our bond."

Stan doesn't look so satisfied with his answer. "You speak without thinking of the consequences but fine—what if he accepted your feelings? Then you have to break up? To restore a friendship after a heartbreak requires enough understanding and maturity. It's easier to be rejected from the very start."

"Goodness!" Richie clutched his chest in an over dramatic manner. "You're scaring me, man! Don't you want us for each other?"

Stanley avoided Richie's gaze. "I don't mean it like that." He gulped and frowned, trying to look tough and unfeeling for what he's about to say next. "I love both of you—"

"Pfft!" Richie stifled a laughter. Noodle boy's not the kind of person who says stuffs like that. "That's gotta be the shittiest thing you said."

"As I was saying!" Stan started again, words emphasized while eyes threatening Richie to shut his mouth. "I love you guys. Both of you. I'll be happy if things turned good for you but there are always things to worry—your parents, Eddie's mom, being gay in Derry, that's a big mess. I just don't want you both to get hurt and affect our friendship. I'm not gonna lie, you'd make a cute couple though and whatever happens, you have my support."

Richie smiled, thankful that even if Stanley has a doubt, he's still supportive. "You're really the best, Stan the man!"

They were about to high-five each other when someone grabbed their arms, stopping them on midair.

"Hey guys! It's a relief that you're both already here! There's still like 30 minutes before the bell and I thought I'd be here all alone, waiting for all of you... but Richie, well I don't really expect to see you before the bell... come to think of it, these past few days you're always earlier than me. That's new."

Well, you don't need to guess. It's just Eddie's motormouth.

Stanley threw Richie a meaningful look before they get inside the classroom while Eddie's ahead of them, now busy nagging about his mother who didn't cook him breakfast so he resorted into eating packaged snacks with too much preservatives and cholesterol and whatsoever that's not good for his health.

"So, if I collapsed today or if my allergies showed up, you can't blame me! I just ate loads and loads of shit for breakfast!" Eddie said, ending his speech.

"How is this my fault?!"

"I don't know but your fucking cap is there! I swear, Belch if you're the one who did that shit that got us all suspended, I'll be greasing my hands with your own blood!"

"Patrick, my cap was missing yesterday! Don't be dumb! We're clowned, this is a fucking set up!"

"Both of you stop! You guys are pissing me off!" Gretta growled at the two.

It's lunch time, the losers are walking the hallway to get to the cafeteria when the Bowers' gang passed by in front of them, busy arguing and didn't even notice them at the corner. They gave each other meaningful glances. They have an idea what the argument is about.

"Don't make eye contacts, you're being suspicious!" Eddie whispered, almost wanting to smack his friends for them to stop eyeing each other.

"Don't be paranoid! Watch this!" Beverly said and softly pulled a random passer by's arm who happened to be Betty Ripsom. "Hey, Betty! What's uh... what's happening?"

Betty Ripsom smiled. "Someone made a mess at the principal's office and Mr. Preston kept blaming Belch and his friends, his cap was there, he probably forgot it when they were making a run. They got suspended except for Henry and Victor who were absent yesterday."

"Woah! That's some kind of bravery." Beverly's brows were furrowed but her voice sounded cheery.

"Yeah, and there's even a dick drawing on the walls saying Mr. Preston should suck a dick!"

Eddie rolled his eyes. Who'd write it? Of course, it's none other than Richie Tozier.

"So uhh... aren't you guys a little guilty?" Ben hesitantly asked when they're already seated in the lunch room.

"Guilty for what? For our sucker punch? Good grace, Hanscom! It's sad alright but those duffers have to taste their own medicine too! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a dick for a—"

"Beep-beep Richie!" Stan said in disgust.

Ben just chuckled. He had fun yesterday anyway.

"At least we have 3 days without their annoying faces." Mike added.

"Correction, th-three days without Gretta, Belch and P-P-Patrick but we suh-s-still have Bowers and Cross."

Eddie exhaled. "I don't even want to think about it. Let's just eat in peace and let them enjoy their vacation." The truth is, he's just paranoid. They're talking in low voices but what if someone heard their discussion and tell on them?

"Whatever you say spaghetti man~" Richie chanted. "Pass me the ketchup, dad!" He then ordered Mike with his annoying imperative tone.

"Eat, shit, dude!" The boy replied but passed the ketchup anyway.

"Don't ever fucking curse again, Mikey!"

"Why the heck can't I curse?"

"Because when you do, I feel like my dad is angry at me." Richie joked.

"Then fuck you son."

"WOAAAH~!!" Everyone gushed at Mike's clapback.

"That's our resident dad!" Beverly cheered.

Stanley who's just smiling at one corner eyed Eddie. "How about our

resident admirer, Eddie? Any news?"

Eddie shook his head. Stan doesn't look like it but he's a sucker for issues. He fished out the letter from his backpack and tossed it to the boy. As if on cue, the losers started gathering around Stanley. This is becoming a hobby.

"K-K-Kiss?" Bill grinned. "That was fast... b-b-but cute."

Eddie cocked an eyebrow. "Cute? He's being a creep, Bill."

\*HUK

All the losers eyed Richie who choked on his juice and spilled the remaining drink on his shirt.

"Are you alright?"

Ben's question remains unanswered. After recovering, Richie's eyes landed on Eddie.

"A-A creep, you say?"

"Y-Yeah. Wait. Your juice is all ov—"

Richie raised a hand and nodded frantically, not caring about what happened to him. "You really think he's being a creep?"

Eddie's heart fluttered at the question. Richie's so interested with his opinion about the poems and he's just about one letter away from assuming it's this idiot's doing.

"Could you care about this letter later? You're soaking and sticky!" Eddie lectured, sounding like his mother. He stood up and pulled on the hem of Richie's shirt. "C'mon, now! Get up!"

The boy half-heartedly rose up. "Where are we going?"

"I have an extra shirt in my locker."

"Wow!" Beverly exclaimed and they all eyed her.

"Why?" Bill asked.

"I'm just amazed that Eddie will ever lend someone his shirt... much more Richie?" The boys nodded, they get what she meant. Eddie's obsessed with cleanliness while Richie's sloppy, he could mess up anything he touches.

"It's the perk of being his best friend." Richie said proudly, eyes twinkling behind his glasses.

"Shut up, Rich! You're all my best friend."

"Yeah but I'm your special best friend."

Eddie clenched his teeth, couldn't think of what to answer with that. "L-Let's just go..." He muttered and pulled Richie's arm.

"See that? He didn't even deny he's his special friend?" Beverly whispered.

"Wh-What does he mean by s-sp-special by the way?"

Eddie just shook a head at the whispers he heard from their friends as they were leaving.

"So?"

The remaining losers' turned to Stanley when he speaks up.

"Eddie's admirer. Who do you think it is?" His eyes were intrusive, encouraging the others to spill their thoughts. He already know it's Richie but just to see if they all guessed it right.

The losers threw a confused glance at each other then their puzzled looks faded as they slowly grin towards one another.

"It's him who else?" - Mike

"Yeah, exactly! I think it's him too!" - Beverly

"Oww, he's my guess too..." - Bill

"Wait!" Ben raised his hand. "Who's this guy you're referring to? I

think I know but just to be sure, why don't we just say the name?"

Stanley rolled his eyes. "Richie Tozier... and I know we all share the same brain cells."

"Not like he's d-d-doing a good job at hiding it though." Bill chuckled.

"It's too small!"

"It's not that small! Stop complaining! Our bodies are almost the same size!"

"I don't think so. My body's longer than yours."

"Ugh!" Eddie grunted. "Who cares about your body?! You're sticky and gross, at least save your hygiene!"

Richie exhaled sharply. He might have the wittiest mouth but it's Eddie's will that always win whenever they fight... this small pasta loves claiming the last laugh.

"Fine, Mr. K! But don't come at me if I give this back to you with stains and such. I hate doing laundries."

Eddie cringed at him. "No! You borrowed it, you clean it!"

"No! I did not borrow it. You shoved it down my throat."

"I'd shove my foot down your throat too if you won't shut the fuck up."

"That's weak! I can shove my di—" Richie paused when he saw the fire in Eddie's eyes, threatening to explode if he continue his dirty joke.

He almost grin when he unfolded the shirt. He really don't understand his friend. Eddie hates germs and stuffs yet instead of mummifying himself from head to toe, he loves wearing shirts and booty shorts.

"What are you grinning about? Can't you just wear so we can go?!"

"Your will, Mr. K!" Richie said in a happy tone.

"This looks good on me?" Richie motioned the shirt as they walk. They're about to go back to the cafeteria.

"Not that anyone will even spare a glance at you. No one cares about your look—and you don't need to look good, you just have to look clean! If you're clean then you'd look good!"

"I can't understand a thing. You talk way too fast."

"It's because your brain process things slo-ugh!" Eddie was cut off when he bumped into someone. Unfortunately, it was a certain grinning fucktard named Henry Bowers, beside him is Victor Cross – his white – haired stupid looking sidekick.

"I know what you did losers..." Henry said.

"What did we do?" Richie asked, a hand busy grabbing Eddie's arm so he could easily pull him and run away if ever these two become violent.

"The vandals, I know you did it. Y'all set up my friends." Henry accused.

*Shit.* Richie thought. He could see the fire that's building up in Henry's eyes and it won't be long before his crazy bitch side shows up. They need to run now.

"Sorry, but we don't know what you're talking about." He yanked at Eddie's arm. "Let's go, Eds."

They were about to pass by the two but Henry extended his arm to block their way while Victor grins deviously at them. Fuck. Richie wanted to voice out how ugly he was with that grin.

On the other hand, Eddie's head turned hot. He's been in a bad mood since the morning because of the fight with his mom and if these



freaks by nature started throwing punches and kicks, he won't be able to resist the temptation of spitting on their faces.

"Let us pass." He ordered but Henry softly slapped his cheek as if he was mocking a child.

"We won't let you go... not until we destroy your fucking faces!" The mullet-wearing asshole suddenly grabbed Richie's collar and threw him to the floor.

Eddie was about to run to his friend's aid but Victor blocked his way.

"Run now, Eds. Quick!" Richie shouted at him before being kicked by Henry.

Richie's an idiot if he thinks he'll run away. His mom would flip if she finds out he's been in another fight but of course, he wouldn't leave him! At times like this, Eddie forgets about all the alarms he set up in his mind, he forgets all the risk and the caution. No one could mess up with any of them, alright? No one!

"He's right!" Victor laughed on his face. "Losers like you should run... that is, if you can run from me. Because I'll definitely catch you."

Eddie cringed at Victor Cross' rotten line. "Who said I'll run from you, you indigenous prick?! You should run from me, instead!" Then he spits at the boy's face before kicking his freaking balls.

It was chaotic and the hallway was quickly filled with students wanting to see the show.

"Guys! Guys!"

The losers' attention got diverted with someone's call from behind. It was El Hopper, rushing to their table, panting hard as if she ran a mile.

"Eleven!?" Mike was fast to come to her aid. "What happened?" He sounds really concern and his face looks so worried and Stanley – who's hobby is deducing and observing people's reaction – took a

note of that in his mind.

"Your friends... Bowers... hallway." She said, still breathing heavily. "I think they're fighting."

"Shit!" Bill immediately stood up from his seat. "Let's go!" He said and ran as fast as he could, the other losers following him. Mike patted Eleven's shoulder and whispered a quick 'thank you' before running off too.

"Hey! Make way!" Mike shouted at the students who are flocking the hallway to watch their friends and the Bowers' gang fight.

"This many people and no one even dare to stop them!" Stanley rolled his eyes at the crowd. "Bunch of worthless dunce!"

"Bunch of rookies!" Beverly seconded.

The losers tried to pushed through the crowd of students to get to the middle. When they get there, Eddie's behind Richie who's having an eye-to-eye contest with Henry Bowers. They all ran to their friends' side.

Henry laughed with sarcasm. "What's this? A fucking reinforcement?!"

Beverly crossed her arms. "You can run if you want to."

"Run? And what the fuck can you do?!" - Victor

"What the fuck can we do?" Richie spat at Victor. "We'll roundhouse kick both of you, leave you in a ditch, all decomposed, covered with worms and maggots smelling like Eddie's mom's un—"

"Richie!" Eddie whisper-shouted! He knew how that fucking line ends! And he couldn't believe that this idiot will use that in the middle of this mess.

\*PRRRT~ the sound of a whistle was heard throughout the whole corridor, a sign that Mr. Preston is coming but nobody pays the

principal any interest. The Bowers gang and the losers are still glaring at each other.

"Make way! Make way!" The principal pushed his way to get to the middle of all the fuss. "I said you're all suspended!" He pointed at the Bowers' gang and the losers. "I don't want to see your faces here until next week!" Mr Preston's outrage boomed throughout the whole corridor.

Eddie sighed and closed his eyes. He's alone inside the clubhouse, lying on the hammock. His friends are outside, playing hide and seek. They're enjoying the small time they have this afternoon before they all go home and tell their parents that they are suspended.

Unfortunately though, Eddie's not having fun like them. He could play outside with his friends before coming home and facing his mother's wrath but instead, he chose to stay on the hammock and sulk by himself. He's feeling anxious. He just got into a heated argument with his mom last night and now, he can foresee that it will happen later too. Then she'll blame her friends again, she'll criticize them... and Richie will receive most of her hate.

\*Beep Beep

Eddie sighed and sat up when he heard the beeping sound. It's time for his meds. He unzipped his fanny pack and fished for the bottle of his placebo pills.

"Always on time, eh?"

"Fuck!" He stirred in surprise when someone had spoken from behind. "I thought you're playing with them?" He asked Richie. He didn't even hear their roof door opening. Richie and his stealth ability is no joke so Eddie shouldn't be surprised with how this idiot managed to get inside his heart without him noticing.

"I got bored. They always find me first, it's getting annoying." Richie grins. "So, I'm here to play with you instead~" Then he jumped onto the hammock and Eddie was forced to scoot at the other side.

The idiot's hogging the space and it's really uncomfortable! "Why don't you fucking move asshole?! I want to take a nap!" He scolded.

"You said it yourself, 10 minutes each yet your lazy ass has been lying here for almost an hour now. Stop being a hypocrite, Eds!"

"Why don't you just vanish and dissolve? Play with yourself. I'm tired. I wanna rest."

"Play with myself?!" Richie laughed so hard. "That's fucking gross, Eds! I didn't expect to hear this kind of thing from you! Did Mrs. K taught you—"

"Argh!" Eddie grunted. "Damn, Richie! If you want to be here then fine! But zip your mouth or I swear, I'm gonna put all of these inside your mouth!" He raised the bottle of pills in a threatening way.

Richie waved off his hand. "Geez~ That's disgusting. Why are you still drinking them anyway? It's just a load of crap, right?"

Eddie rolled his eyes. "It makes me calm."

"It's psychological, Eds! You think it makes you okay because you believe you're not okay."

He has no answer on that because Richie's right.

"Do you think you could ever control it?" Richie popped a question out of nowhere.

Eddie's temple creased. "Control what?"

"Your health anxiety. Don't you think it's odd? You learned about your bullshit pills years ago yet you still consume them."

Eddie stayed quiet. Richie has a point but he's scared to stop the medication. He became too dependent with his inhaler and pills that he feels like he'd be in real danger if he ever dismiss them. He's not sick although knowing that he isn't but he thinks he is could be considered as an illness too, right?

"I know no one has ever told you this but Eddie, I think you need to

stop." Richie sounds serious this time. "Being reliant on needless shits could cause you harm someday a-and it will just make you grow a breast!"

His brows furrowed. *Grow a breast?!* That's it, he knows he's just making up stories!

"What do you know about medicine, idiot?! Talking to anyone but you is preferable at the moment." He said before twisting the cap of his medicine to get one but Richie – being the annoying turd that he is – grabbed his arm and took the capsule away from him.

"What the f—"

Richie raised a hand to shut him up. Eddie never likes it when someone corrected him about medicine. "You're not gonna drink today. And you're a guy, what's the use of birth control pills?!"

"How many times do I have to tell you that this is not a fucking birth control pill?!"

"But it's placebo, right?! Placebo pills are a bunch of bullshit unless you're a woman with period."

"You must be mistaken—"

"Whatever! You're not gonna take one and I have the final say!" Richie threw the capsule somewhere and Eddie shouted in annoyance.

Why the fuck should this dick act entitled over him?

"Just be thankful Doctor K! I just helped you save your kidney! You've been taking stupid pills long enough to raise a child..."

"You're the worst!" Eddie threw him the bottle but Richie managed to catch it.

"Oh c'mon! Don't take your bad day out on me."

"Then you shouldn't have thrown it, asshole!" Eddie's voice cracked, he couldn't stop the tears that started welling up in his eyes. "I've got

too much problem already and you're not helping at all!"

Richie's eyes widened when he saw Eddie's tears. "Eds! What the—!" He put his hands over the smaller boy's shoulders. "Are you alright? W-Why would you cry over—"

Eddie pushed him away and jumped off the hammock. "Do you think I'd cry over one capsule?! You must be really stupid!"

He marched his way to the ladder and started climbing to the roof door. He feels stupid for having a break down but he got too much to think about and Richie's absurd jokes easily snagged his patience. He wants some piece of mind and he won't get that with Richie around.

"Hey, Eds! Where are you going?!"

"I don't know!" He spat. That's the truth, he doesn't know. He's certainly not gonna go home until past 6. Coming home earlier could mean longer argument with his mother.

Once outside, he came across Stanley who's currently searching for the hidden losers.

"Eddie!" His friend called "Where are you going?"

"Don't know... I just need some air."

"But this is our last game. After this we're gonna go—wait! Are you crying?!"

Eddie turned his head to another direction. "I-I'm not..."

"You're lying!"

"No, listen Stan." He sighed "I'm fine, don't worry about me. I can go home by myself. You guys could leave if you're done, don't wait for me to come back." He said in a hurried tone and started walking pass his confused friend.

"Eds. Wait up!"

Eddie rolled his eyes when he heard Richie's call from behind. He ignored the boy and quickened his pace. He doesn't have any destination in mind but he just kept heading to the opposite direction.

Stanley casts Richie a questioning look, demanding to know what's happening. His eyes look threatening and Richie raised his hands as if surrendering.

"H-He just—I swear I didn't do anything stupid aside from throwing away his meds... I-I'll handle this."

His friend's glare lingered for a moment before Stan sighed and nodded. "Sure but go home before 7 or his mom would throw a fit."

"Understood, Mr. Uris!" Richie saluted before running after Eddie.

"Leave me alone, Richie!" Eddie shouted at his friend who's striding beside him. Richie's tugging on his arm but he keeps brushing him off.

"You know I can't do that!"

"I can go home by myself!"

Richie frowned. They're on the kissing bridge right now and Eddie just keeps walking and walking. "This isn't the way to your house!"

Eddie huffed in frustration, paused from his track and glared at his friend. "Who said I'm going home?"

"Then where are you off to?" Richie fixed his glasses, getting uneasy with Eddie's rage. "You're acting strange. You never cried with my jokes—not that what I said earlier was a joke. You should really control your medicine intake."

"Richie!" Eddie raised his hands. "Can we please stop talking about medicine... I just... I need to be alone. I have to be alone."

"But why?"

Eddie opened his mouth to speak just to close again. He doesn't know what to say. Why does he need to be alone? He could use a friend, talk to someone to lighten his burden but who should he talk to? His other friends were playing earlier and he doesn't want to cut their fun with his silly problems. Then right now, he only has Richie around but how could he tell him about his problems without admitting that he's gay and in love with him?

"You can tell me anything. I'd listen... even when we all know I hate listening to people's shits."

Richie saying people's shits made him a tad hurt.

"We don't have to talk about my worthless shits, Richie." He said with resent and brushed off the guy's arm before walking ahead of him.

"Gosh, Eds! It was a joke!" Richie quickened his pace to catch up on him. "C'mon! What is this all about?"

Eddie bit his lower lip. What should he tell him? *'I love you and my mom hates it.'* That's a fucking no.

"It's nothing." He said, finality in his tone. He carried on walking but Richie held his arm, turned him around and cupped his cheeks to stare right into his eyes.

"Nothing's nothing if you're sad, Eds. I'm insensitive and all but I know how to be a good friend. I will listen."

Richie said that in the sincerest way possible and he felt like his heart made a somersault. He distanced himself from him and started sobbing like a child, his hands wiping the tears away.

Richie's eyes bulged from their socket, surprised. He quickly caged the poor boy in his embrace. "I hate to see you like this. Please just tell me." He whispered while softly playing with his hair.

"I-It's just an absurd thing, it's not worth your time." Eddie said in between sobs.

Richie pulled back from the hug and held both of his shoulders. "Eds, have you forgotten? I'm the most absurd person there is so I'm



probably the best one to talk about absurd things."

Richie's joking to lighten the atmosphere and Eddie appreciates it so much. He wanted nothing but to seek refuge from him. He wanted nothing but to tell Richie all his pain and sorrows, like a child asking someone to protect him. But first, he wants assurance.

"Promise me you won't hate me." He asked, almost sounded begging.

Richie snorted and flicked his forehead playfully. "Stupid. When did I ever hate you?"

Eddie just pouted and rubbed his forehead. Here goes nothing. "M-Mom doesn't like..." He heaved a deep sigh before continuing. "Mom doesn't like that I'm... gay." He finally blurted out.

Eddie lowered his gaze and held his breath for a moment, waiting for Richie's reaction with his revelation. So when he felt a hand ruffling his hair, he sobbed much harder, feeling relieved.

### *Richie accepts me*

He looked up to see his friend smiling at him tenderly, his eyes sparkling with the reflection of the moon. It looks so calming and Eddie felt like his heart could melt. Earlier, he was scared, anxious, mad even... but with Richie accepting him – when his own mother can't even do – he feels lighthearted.

"Don't worry, **I like that you're gay.**" The boy said.

*Wait what?!* His tears came into a halt. "Huh?!"

"I-I mean... I like that you finally..." Richie scratched his nape, gulped and forced a smile. "I'm glad that you finally had the courage to come out to her. I know your brave, I'm proud of you."

"You're not shock?"

"Hmm... not as much. At one point I have **wished**—I-I mean, I may have think that you're gay. I just don't give it much thought."

Eddie tried to ignore the fact that Richie's stammering a lot. He just

smiled at him. Being accepted by someone made his burden much lighter. He wiped the remaining tears away from his eyes and was about to thank him but Richie's quick to open his mouth.

"Wait, by the way..." His friend started. "How did you confess about your sexuality? Did you just tell her 'Mom, I'm gay'?" Richie eyed him with a puzzled look as if he's really interested with his answer.

Eddie gulped. His mom started accusing him of being gay when their topic was about Richie until he kind of admitted her accusations... but he will not tell him that!

"Th-That's a... that's a secret." He answered with a light blush and diverted his gaze from Richie. They're still on the Kissing Bridge by the way.

Richie grins as he watch the smaller boy. It's getting pretty dark but with the light of the moon, he could see the pink taint on Eddie's cheeks. It was adorable... and if you'd think of it and picture their whole situation right now, it's pretty romantic! Up above him is the starry sky, the beautiful moon that illuminates the whole place and beside him is the person he loves.

Sunny day makes him cheery and bright, while the night sky makes him a romantic piece of an absolute shit. Whenever he writes a poem, he does it at night... but now, he have something in mind, better than a poem.

Eddie glanced back at Richie, the idiot's smiling towards the moon. He shakes his head. Richie Tozier is the most stubborn person he had ever met. He's like a tornado, clumsy and hyperactive but Eddie admits that his presence right now calm his storms inside. He's like a serene tempest. His serene tempest.

"What do you have in mind?" He asked after a while.

Richie turned to him. "Let's carve our initials here~"

Fuck. Eddie eyed the Kissing Bridge, which is famous for as the Bowers' gang put it **sucking face & carving names**. But why would Richie suggest to carve their names here? Does it imply something?

"Uhh... but... why?"

Richie shrugged his shoulders. "What do you think?" Then he fumbled for the folding knife in his pocket before bending down in front of the bridge. "Come here, Eds."

"But—fine..." Eddie muttered before ducking down beside Richie. Well, he likes the idea anyway... so when his friend wasn't looking, Eddie smiled so wide in secret. He gotta have his name on this fucking bridge along with Richie's, that's a win for him!

He watched as Richie carved an R and added it with a plus sign after that, the boy offered him the folding knife in which he took in delight. He tried his best to control the shivering of his hand. This is new to him and the feeling's overwhelming... he carved an E, slowly but deep enough for it to remain there for many many years.

When finished, they both just look at it with a smile, satisfied.

"Why?" Eddie blurted out after a while. He contemplated whether he should ask or not but he can't help it.

Richie eyed him. "Why what?"

He just motioned the carvings with his head and Richie chuckled.

"Not all things are to be explained..."

What the fuck does that mean?!

Richie stood up and extended a hand to help him in which he took. "Let's go now, Eds. I should take you home before 7 or I'll be banned from sleeping with your mom~"

Eddie wanted to beat the shit out of Richie. After having a heart-to-heart talk with him and spewing sweet shits like *'I know how to be a good friend?'* *'When did I ever hate you?'* *'Let's carve our initials here.'* Richie's back to his old perverted self.

"Shut the fuck up, dumbfuck!"

"Make me~"

Eddie rolled his eyes. Just a while ago, the atmosphere was quiet and comfortable but now, here they are squabbling again. But that's actually the thing he couldn't understand, the thing that connects them. They fight a lot, but they don't really hate each other. It's how his friendship with Richie works.

Eddie twisted the door knob to their house when Richie made a turn on the neighborhood and went out of his vision. He expected his mom to be standing in the doorway, with hands on her waist and she'll start nagging once he entered the house but that wasn't the case. When he opened the door, he heard the television from the living room, his mom on the couch, watching.

"What time is it?" She asked in an indifferent tone.

"I-I just hung out with my friends..."

His mom nodded, still not looking at him. "There's food on the table."

"You ate already?" But his questions remained unanswered. She's still mad but Eddie never imagined she'd ever give him the silent treatment though... maybe he should just tell her about the suspension tomorrow. "I-I'm full..."

"I don't care whether you're full or not. I cooked, you eat."

Eddie sighed and head for the dining room. He doesn't want another argument so it's better to just eat what she cooked. He'll never win from her anyway.

**\*PLOK! \*PLOK!**

Eddie's eyes widened when he saw small rocks are being thrown on his window. From lying on his bed, he quickly rose up and rush to the window. Who the hell is that? Is it a thief? A kid fooling around? A crazy homeless man?

He peeked through the window and sighed in relief when he saw it

was just a certain trashmouth. He opened it with a frown.

"I thought you went home?" Eddie whisper-shouted, not wanting his mom to hear.

"I'll be going home, I just have to give you this!" And the boy threw him a paper plane, for a moment, Eddie thought of how good Richie is in making a paper plane fly for it perfectly landed on his window sill.

"What is th—"

"Shh!" Richie put an index finger to his mouth, then he waved his hands off before running away.

Eddie wanted to ask more questions but Richie's already rushing away from their house. What a weirdo. His eyes fell on the paper plane, taking it with him on the bed with furrowed brows.

Eddie's oblivious but he's not that stupid. After that thing on the Kissing Bridge, he's really close to assuming that Richie likes him... and he wouldn't be too shocked if ever this paper contains an overly sappy poem.

*Let's not assume without reading it first!* The smart part of his brain lectured. *You know Richie, he could be the greatest asshole on Earth. He could disturb you, make you assume for a moment only to leave you disappointed.*

With a tensed heart, Eddie unfolded the paper. There he saw Richie's messy handwriting – his real hand-writing, not forced or what. Yeah, he thought earlier it wouldn't be too shocking but boy was he wrong! He already imagined this countless of times, wished for this to happen... he hoped for it but now that his imagination came true, Eddie couldn't believe it.

Thousands of things flashes in his mind. Like the way Richie looks at him, his eyes often twinkle with happiness. How that dipshit's favorite past time is to make fun of him or bicker with him. How Richie laughs stupidly every time he gets irritated, telling him he's cute even when he's mad. Countless of times, he suspected that his

gestures meant something but he often tells himself not to assume but now, having this letter means he could assume all he want.

Eddie rest his hand on his chest only to feel his heart was racing like crazy. Forget about changing clothes, forget about washing his face and brushing his teeth before going to sleep—he can do that later! The only thing he can think of right now is Richie Tozier. That trashmouth who sends him stupid sappy love letters that he would never get sick of reading.

With a fond smile on his lips, he raised the paper once again...

**Eddie Kaspbrak, little and tough**

**You're cute as bug, feral like a cat**

**Your pretty eyes, they're dark and all**

**Weird though, they're also bright they glow~**

**Like magic dust, like the stars tonight**

**Anyway—I'm glad to be with you tonight!**

**Your beauty enchants me all the time**

**Can I please call you mine?**

**Fuck Eds, just say yes please?**

**My brain's getting dry with these**

**These sappy poems that I kept writing**

**I don't even know, I have a talent with this.**

**I'm no Hamscom, I'm no Denbrough**

**I'm no Marsh, I'm no Hanlon**

**I'm not even Uris, who thinks the best things**

**But I'm the person you often say these shits;**

**'Wash your hands, clean your shoes'**

**Sometimes, I think you're ridiculous**

**Eddie bear, my nagging spaghetti**

**As you see it's your trashmouth Richie**

**Now that you know, can you love me?**

**—TrashmouthTozier**

That night, Eddie Kaspbrak fell asleep with Richie's letter clutched in his hands.

\*\*\*

When Eddie wakes up, the first thing he searched for is Richie's letter but he's no longer clutching it. He searched for it, in every corner of his room but there's just nothing.

Fuck...

His eyes flew to the direction of his door. He couldn't remember locking it last night and even if he locked it, his mother could have used a key! He shouldn't have fallen asleep without hiding Richie's letter to safety! What if... what if his mom walked in? Saw the letter and it's now in her possession?

Eddie's heart beats in a rapid pace when he heard the foot steps approaching his room.

"Are you looking for this?"

And there, he saw the paper in his mother's hand.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(End Note: So here, Stan thinks Mike likes Eleven. Don't kill me at least, she still got herself a Mike, not a Wheeler but a Hanlon. Yeah, I know I'm weird.)